

Volume 8, Issue 9 November 17, 1993

# STUDENT REVIEW

An Independent Forum for Student Thought



translating the  
view of the

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John Wesley / Eva Hesse Retrospective  
Orlan Makeover: Is It?





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*Student Review* is an independent student publication serving Provo's student community. Because SR is an open forum, all students are equally eligible to submit articles.

Opinions expressed in *Student Review* are those of the authors, and do not necessarily reflect those of BYU, UVSC, SR, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or Ma Bell.

Did you know that half of all *Student Review* readers ditch their Monday classes in favor of watching The Sally Jesse Raphael Show, causing serious mental damage. Don't be a statistic!

**Sketches from the Editors:**

**Untitled #12**

This week we felt we could best express ourselves through our usually untapped talent as visual expressionists.



**Staff people of the week:**

Despite the popular belief that *Student Review* is run by a pack of bitter apostate idol worshipers, many staffers have served or are currently serving full-time LDS missions. This week we would like to honor those former staffers that have gone to labor in the field to carry that word of God (and hopefully distribute a few copies of *Student Review*).

Gone preaching are:  
Guenevere Nelson (Uruguay)  
Heather Stratford (Guatemala)  
Janet Meiners (Rochester, New York)  
Laura McCrey (Australia)  
Rebecca Butler (Hong Kong)  
Kristen Sheppert (Milwaukee, Wisconsin)

We're sure there are a few we may have neglected but that's just because they never write. Good luck to all these faithful proselytors and may they each land a cushy job in the office as AP.



# Issues & Opinions

## Depoliticizing the Classroom

by Matthew MacLean

I had all the stereotypical preconceptions of BYU: BYU is all white and middle class, BYU is a marriage factory, BYU is censorship and academic bondage. But upon arriving my freshman year, I was delighted to find that though some of BYU's stereotypes contained truth, most were exaggerated or simply false. There was diversity at BYU, quite a bit compared to the sea of homogeneous mountain-western sameness surrounding it. There were single people here, many of which didn't seem to mind their religiously illegal status. And best of all, academic freedom seemed to be alive and well.

During my first year of school I had more exposure to Marx, Darwin and Nietzsche than I had throughout the rest of my life put together. Teachers seemed unafraid to entertain any discussion, or to answer any student question. I was full of intellectual excitement the first time I saw my high school friends, who didn't seem to have anywhere near such interesting experiences at their California schools. It was a year of discovery for me, and I plunged into scholarship like I never had before.

There was one black spot in my otherwise ideal freshman year, however. Tragically, it happened to be the one class I was looking forward to than any other.

I thought that I had signed up for the second-semester Book of Mormon class. After all, it was listed under the Religion Department, the class was held in the JSB,

and the Book of Mormon was listed as required reading. But it was not a Book of Mormon class. I think it must have been a political science class, because that was all we talked about.

For an entire semester I went to this so-called "Book of Mormon" class and listened to the right-wing political views of the professor, who only cracked open the Book of Mormon when he found something he claimed supported his personal (though he maintained they were universal) theories. He saw communists everywhere. The Gadianton Robbers the Book of Mormon prophesied of are the communists; the Great and Abominable Church is the

communist regime; the whore of the earth is communism. He was sure (and tried to prove) that the ancient Lamanites were communists, and this was the main reason behind their evil nature. When he

wasn't going on about communists and how they were poised to invade America and take over the earth (interestingly enough, this was 1987, just before the fall of Soviet communism), he would attack the "godless" United Nations, who of course were communist co-conspirators.

I was only a naive freshman, but I had the sense to realize I was being taught something besides an objective and spiritual appreciation for the Book of Mormon. But when I turned around to see

if other students were having similar reactions, I was amazed at what I saw: wide eyes and open jaws, faces engulfed in what this teacher was saying, some almost fearful. "They believe it!" I thought to myself. They seemed to be absorbing everything as if it were God himself talking to them.

To my shame, I never had the courage to challenge the teacher very much, or to try to get in an opposing view. I questioned him a bit on his selective use of Ezra Taft Benson's early publications that supported his own views as if they were the word of a prophet of God. But even appearing to question the opinions of a future prophet

**By not presenting any other sides, he was not allowing his students the chance to think for themselves and to make their own judgments.**

was enough to brand me a heretic in that class and totally discredit me. I didn't know what to do. I finally gave up. I felt helpless.

But I learned a lot from that experience. I never forget that

sense of helplessness I felt, or the blank, fearful look on the faces of the other freshmen in that class. Teachers have an enormous influence on the minds of impressionable young students. It's a position of trust and responsibility. If a teacher breaks that trust and takes advantage of his or her position to promote personal opinions as objective truth, it can be very destructive of students' faith and stifle their intellectual growth.

When I think back on it now, I realize

that this teacher doubtlessly thought he was doing a good thing. Obviously he felt very strongly about his beliefs, and perhaps he thought he was doing his students a great service to share them. The main problem, as I see it, was that (besides straying horrendously off the topic) he presented a very one-sided view. By not presenting any other sides, he was not allowing his students the chance to think for themselves and to make their own judgments. He was actually doing them the ultimate disservice.

Six years later BYU is involved in a controversy over the firing of two teachers, ostensibly for the same reason that I have been discussing: that of promoting their own views in the classroom. I have never had Dr. Farr or Dr. Knowlton as a teacher and thus cannot comment on their teaching style. But if it were proven that they are indeed guilty of the kind of one-sided teaching I have experienced and described, I believe they should indeed be dismissed, or at least warned.

What I really worry about, however, is whether there might be some bias in the handling of such cases. From all I can tell, my Book of Mormon teacher was never denied continuing status for his biased teaching and lack of professionalism; does BYU reprimand teachers with left-wing biases but leave those with right-wing biases alone?

I applaud the university for being concerned about biased teaching in the classroom. I would hope, however, that BYU is consistent in its concern and fair in its judgments.

## Praying Hand in Hand

As of this writing, the Religious Freedoms Restoration Act is not yet law. Fortunately, a few more votes and a signature are all that remains before it becomes so. If it overcomes those hurdles, the federal government will have taken a tremendous step towards a change that will make our nation a much better place. The fact that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and the American Civil Liberties Union (unusual bedfellows, to say the least) teamed up to help it happen is even more impressive.

In 1991 two Native Americans were fired from a state clinic for drug rehabilitation. They were denied unemployment benefits by the state of Oregon because they'd been fired for reasons of "misconduct," which absolved the state of responsibility. The misconduct? They smoked peyote. While they may have smoked an illegal drug, but it was done as part of a religious ceremony. These two youth workers were members of the Native American Church, a tribal organization that employs trance-inducing drugs in worship ceremonies. Note that they did not smoke peyote on the job: they were simply living out their religious freedoms.

These two counselors believed, for those reasons, that they had been fired unjustly, and that the state had acted unjustly in denying them their benefits. They sued Oregon. They lost. They appealed. In an opinion written by Justice Antonin Scalia overturning a generation of legal precedent, the Supreme Court decided that the First Amendment *does not* require the government to exempt religious believers from general legislation that "unintentionally" penalizes their worship. In other words, state employees can't use drugs, and if that happens to wreck the lives of members of the Native American church, well, too bad.

Fortunately, a variety of organizations quickly realized what this ruling meant. If the military forbade the wearing of any hat at any time, Jews who wear yarmulkes would never be able to serve. If cremation was forbidden for environmental reasons, certain Hindu sects would have no choice but to change their religious doctrine. And so on. For many years, the government needed a "compelling reason" to force religious persons to submit to laws which contradicted their beliefs (meaning, the need to protect life would justify the government in controlling sects that practice child sacrifice). The fact that the Supreme Court could so easily deny that precedent and leave open the possibility for much stricter restrictions shows how weak the precedent was. The fact that religious organizations and liberal defenders of civil rights could join hands to prop up the freedoms religions should enjoy in a free society shows how urgent the matter is.

What is most intriguing about this whole affair, however, is that the LDS Church would be willing to support a piece of legislation inspired by two individuals who essentially smoked pot. Now of course, when Elder Dallin H. Oaks testified before a Congressional committee about the need to repair the nation's tolerance of religious activity, he didn't speak his feelings regarding the Native American church, or seeking visions through chemical help. But nonetheless, the Church contributed to the effort to protect people who exercise religious freedom

in a way that contradicts our doctrine. That shows bravery and tolerance—perhaps more than the Church leaders might want to admit.

Three months ago, Elder Russell M. Nelson attended the Parliament of World Religions in Chicago, one of the largest ecumenical events the Church has ever participated in. The Church leadership has generally avoided gathering with other religious groups, for several reasons. One is that they want to be independent of organizational ties with other religious institutions. Another is, as Salt Lake sees it, that it is not good to take seriously the leadership of anyone who is not a member of the Church hierarchy. But most important is the idea that ours is the "only true and living church" on the earth.

How can you have relations with people you, by definition, consider invalid and apostate? That is the religious argument which has faced this nation and, to a smaller degree, our own church. If religion is to survive in this secular age, it must clean its own house of intolerance, and demand a place at the political table certain it would not unwittingly or uncaringly disenfranchise those who do not believe. That, of course, is the liberal argument against mixing religion and politics: religion makes claims that cannot be demonstrated rationally, and thus unfairly limits those who, say, want to be active atheists in Provo, Utah. If the Mormon Church officially ruled Provo, non-members would suffer even more than they do now. Or would they?

If religions accepted alternatives, keeping their "truth" commitments but recognizing said doctrines' secondary importance, then perhaps religion, even in this very pluralistic society, could return to the place it held in America three generations ago, when the nation was both more religious and less diverse. In such a world, religions would openly embrace what they already quietly practice—tolerance. In Elder Nelson's presentation in Chicago, he said nothing about the Mormon way to truth being the "one and only" path. Instead he said we do missionary work because our doctrines are "noble and fulfilling" (*Ensign* Nov. 1993, p.107)—in other words, because they're *good ideas*. Isn't that enough? As Fred Gedicks (a BYU law professor) and Roger Hendrix (a former LDS institute director) have written, in a truly tolerant world where religions could defend themselves politically and argue for morality in politics on a religious basis (something impossible today), "discussion about religious truth...[would] be centered more on works than on what corresponds [to an absolute Truth]. In this kind of world, other religions become resources for insights and ideas...rather than theological competitors" (*Choosing the Dream*, 1991, p.178).

I hope the Religious Freedom Restoration Act becomes law and sets us on a course where "cultists" like David Koresh can defend themselves and be treated respectfully (we were a "cult" once), and religious persons of most *any* stripe—even peyote smokers—can be embraced as Christ taught us (Acts 10:34, James 2:9). For that to happen though, we must be willing to accept all others as having something to say to us; of truth (little "t", as all truth should be) as open-ended, never closed. Only such a reshaping of commitments will protect us in pursuing what we truly believe, without harming those who think we're wrong.

Russell Arben Fox



# Campus Life

## Top Twenty

1. hibernating
2. past SR editors
3. motocross
4. Laffy Taffy
5. union suits
6. glow-in-the-dark
7. carpet samples
8. Antigua and Barbuda
9. visitors keeping you from homework
10. dimmed lights
11. big faces in Brimhall lounge
12. mortar
13. seeing eye dogs
14. jawbreakers
15. Underroos
16. surprise b-day parties
17. anything gourmet
18. Southern Zimbabwe
19. twisties
20. Cat Stevens

## Bottom Ten

sore fingers, wishy washy, first snow, Depeche Mode T-shirts, fights after concerts, hemophilia, being taunted, Amazing Discoveries, dead skin, Mormon pop stars, Barney

## The Rest of Your Life

by Julia Ford Tollstrup

Several weeks ago my husband did that which most people only dream of. He graduated from BYU. And he did it in only 4 and 1/2 years! (He received a special commendation from Rex during the graduation ceremony for the last accomplishment.)

So we celebrated graduation by sending our son to his grandma's for the night while we slept ALL night. (It was so nice to not get up at three a.m. to put someone back in bed so that I could have some covers.) After a week-end of being squired to dinner and breakfast by proud relatives it was back to normal life. Kind of, sort of, but not really. I mean what's normal after being a student for so many years?

It's been a month since graduation, and we are still in Provo. (Hell couldn't be much worse.) But it is not like we have very much choice. Ken is working. It is a po-dunk, go nowhere job, but it's money. (At the risk of sounding sappy I'm going to say that I'm proud of him for being willing to work in a po-dunk job until he finds a "real" job.) It is not enough money to move us out of Provo though. But even if we had enough money to move where would we go? Ken has had job interviews in Oregon, Salt Lake City and potential ones being lined up in California. So we stay here in Provo, just waiting and waiting and waiting.

I really don't like not knowing if we are going to be moving next week, next month or not at all. The companies are all still interested in Ken. We've been told that they take longer to say yes than no, so we

get a little bit more hopeful everyday that we might be leaving Provo soon. So here we are in Provo, not as B.Y.U. students, but as real people. And in the month that we haven't been students we've noticed that we've been treated differently.

We have to pay full price for movies now! For years we've been accustomed to just flipping out the BYU ID and getting our student discounts on anything from movies to football tickets to computers. We even got good grades student discounts on our car insurance! After all, the student discount was the trade-off for having to live in Provo. And it just about made up for it.

But no more, suddenly it's

all changed overnight. We are really grown-up now. Having a baby didn't count. (If it had, we would've had to pay full prices starting when Mitchell was born.) On the flip side though, people take us seriously now when we talk about wanting a new car or some furniture (we don't even own a couch) or maybe a house in a year or two. (That is everybody takes us seriously except for our family. I don't think they'll ever believe that we truly have matured.) We can go test drive cars and the dealers let us take the BMW out all by ourselves! It's like we have finally earned the respect of our elders.

But I'm not sure that I want the respect of my elders. It means that we have to do things like settle down. (In Utah that means that we have to do things like have more than one child and drive a Suburban.) It's not that my husband and I are against more children, we just feel that if people think we are mature enough to graduate from college, we are mature enough to figure out the rest.

Our other friends that graduated this year have left Provo and moved on to other things. One friend is in grad school in Louisiana, another is in Salt Lake City setting up a law firm, still another is also in Salt Lake working for his father-in-law. With everyone we know already moved on it makes Ken and I feel like we are stagnating. However, while we are in limbo we are discovering things outside of campus to do in Provo.

We've already been to the symphony this summer. And remember there is only one Lagoon. For the last three years we have lived only half an hour away from "the best snow on earth" and we have only gone skiing once. (We are the people who used to get up at 5 a.m. to travel three hours to go skiing.) Now that we won't have any papers or midterms we are going to be able to go whenever we want. That is if we don't move to Oregon or California if Ken gets a real job. There is no justice, is there?

MATTHEW

WORKMAN'S

4814

WASTED

CHARACTERS



### "Does Your Wife Know About This?"

Life is full of trials and sorrow. How's that for a humor column opener? While it's not an upbeat thought, things often are difficult in life. Friends may dis, cars may malfunction, and toast may burn, but life still goes on. Don't get me wrong, things are basically going well in my life, but there is *one* person who is making things hard. As you might imagine, that person is my wife.

While it may seem unlikely for me to be having problems with a spouse, especially when you consider that I'm single, rest assured she's been nothing but trouble this semester. It seems everyone I know had a special meeting over the summer and decided to give life to the fictional character I'll call Mrs. Workman.

Mrs. Workman officially became a concept when I was 16 years old. I was at a youth conference and sitting in the obligatory morals class when the lecturer introduced me to a jarring idea: "If we assume that you will marry somebody within 16 years of your age, your wife has already been born. She is a living, breathing human being and walks the face of the earth today." I immediately panicked. "Crap! I should have sent her family a card when she was born," I thought. There was nothing I could do about it, I had been given no advance warning. The Conceptual Mrs. Workman was only a few minutes old and already I was blowing it.

Now it seems she's a real person who isn't too pleased with anything I do. Just a few weeks ago, I was informed that my wife won't let me go to Pizza Hut as often as I do. I was also told that when we start living together she will not stand for my poor eating habits and will not let me keep the living room as cluttered as I do now. This is just great, I'm not even married yet and I've already got a fictitious wife who is nagging me. Who do all my friends know that I don't? If she is so bothered by my actions, why doesn't she tell me herself? Perhaps there's something about her that really bugs me. Did anyone ever think of that? You'll have to excuse me, this whole situation has gotten me just a little worked up. Hey, I'm sure you'd be a little edgy too if you were being monitored by a phantom spouse.

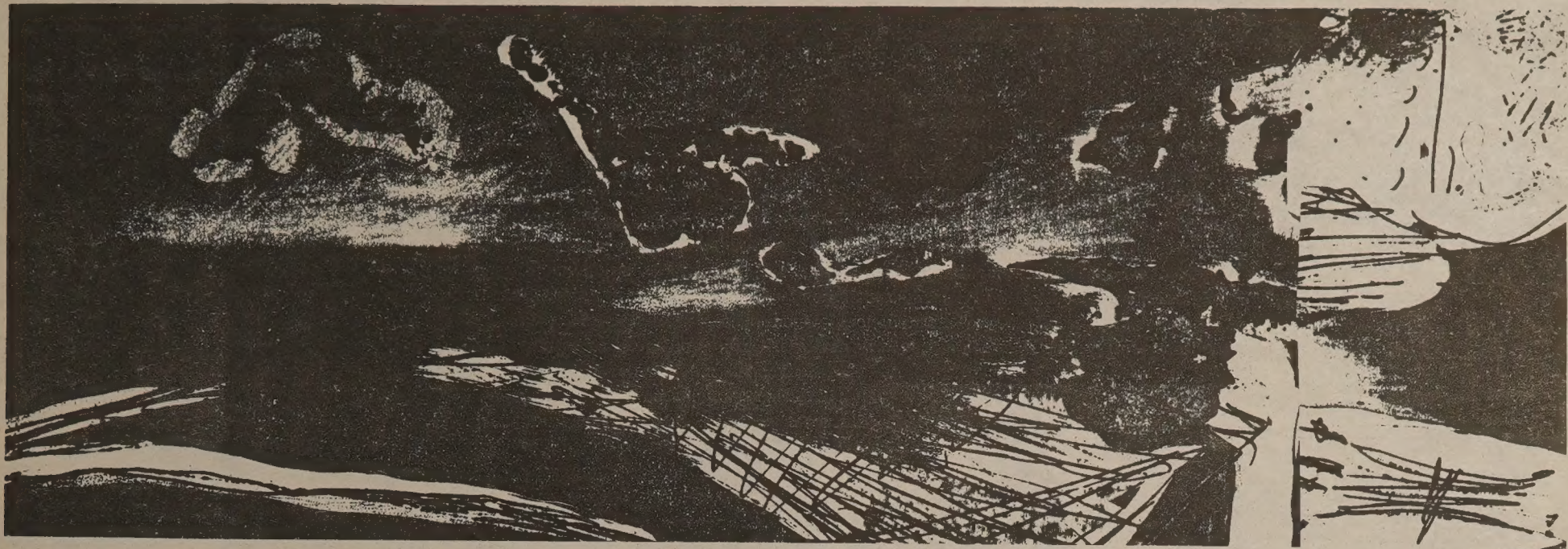
I never thought my life would come to this, having marital problems with a person who doesn't exist. I have been able to console myself in the knowledge that I am not alone. My roommate tells me that his mystery wife doesn't like his haircut and thinks he should vacuum his car every now and then. We both thought we should track down our spouses and tell them they needed to start accepting us for who we are, but we didn't know where to find them. We thought of asking our bishop if he knew who these mystery women are, but we were afraid he would give us an answer we didn't want. The more I think about it, the more I feel that marrying this woman was a bad idea. I'd like to file for divorce just as soon as I meet her. She should know that my heart belongs to somebody else: Molly Buckles.

Molly was my girlfriend from kindergarten and perhaps the coolest girl I have ever known. One day we were hanging out in the milk line and she said she thought I was cool. I told her I felt the same way and within a week our parents were calling each other to arrange "visits." I went to her house, ate Twinkees, and watched *Little Rascals*. Soon after, she was at my house eating granola (my mom was on a health food kick) and playing on our super-deluxe swingset.

Every time we would hang out, we would face the scorn of our friends and classmates who just couldn't understand

"Mrs. Workman" cont. next page





## You're an Adult Now

by Heather Bigley

It starts innocently enough. You're in Smith's making the first food purchases of your adult life. It's taken some eighteen years to get to this point. You've had your own room, your own bike, your own car, and now you have your own grocery cart. It isn't until you get home with your own milk, eggs, and butter that you realize that you don't have your own refrigerator. You share one with five other people and they each have their own milk, eggs, and butter.

Suddenly cold storage is a hot commodity. Naively you think this is something you and your roommates can work through. You are sure this is one of those slight adjustments your mother warned you about. And then the refrigerator starts acting strangely.

It sucks all your food deep into its bowels, forcing you to dig to the bottom of the fridge to find anything that belongs to you. It begins to have temperature swings. One day your lunchmeat is exploring the realm of Salmonella, and the next afternoon your pickle jar looks like it's been spending quality time with Commodore Perry. The refrigerator starts eating your leftovers. How else do you explain the mysterious disappearance of your Olive Garden doggie bag? It maliciously spills your Kool Aid and quick freezes your milk. After a while you start to feel like Sigourney Weaver in *Ghostbusters*.

Then you notice the change in your roommates' behavior. They say things like, "Oh my heck, look how cramped our fridge is!" and finger your raspberry jam. Their faces have taken on a blue tinge from all the time they spend rearranging the shelves. You come home from class and find them huddled around the refrigerator door. You clear your throat, and as they slink towards the table, you hear one of them mutter about

Continued. . .

## Mrs. Workman

how a boy and girl could spend so much time together and still resist the boyfriend/girlfriend label. We withstood the persecution of our peers and continued to groove on each other's presence. Tragically, she moved out of town after kindergarten and I have never seen her since. It's sobering to think that I was five when I had the most mature relationship of my life.

Oh, where are you now Molly? Where are you now that everyone insists that I need a perspective spouse? Where are you now that Twinkees are unhealthy and *Little Rascals* is out of syndication?

These questions have haunted me for some time, but I realized something just today: I have my own column and can abuse it for any personal whim I get. With that in mind, I'm launching Molly Buckles Search '93. If you have any information on anyone named Molly Buckles, write me at the *Student Review* P.O. box or call me at my home. You will be rewarded.

Contact me and tell me whatever became of Molly. A lot

can happen in 19 years. She's old enough to have gotten a Master's from Yale, gotten married, or gained a prominent position in Hell's Angels. Whatever the case, if you see her, tell her my spouse and I are on the rocks and I should be free soon.

somebody's jello taking up too much room. You wake up one morning to find duct tape boundaries in the fridge.

You're getting angry, now. You've always considered yourself a very calm, rational person, with a willingness to talk things out. But suddenly you've been gripped by an inhuman desire to fight back. You lie in bed at night fantasizing their deaths, something along the lines of wrapping them all up with that duct tape and stuffing them in the vegetable drawer while screaming, "Organize this!" But you signed the Honor Code, so you know this course of action is an impossibility.

Instead, take ten deep breaths and think of a few nonconfrontational ways to solve your refrigerator problem. For instance, buy smaller food. Who needs watermelon when you can have cherries. Get dried foods instead, like raisins or ramen, or canned soup. (Many a life has been saved by turning a closet into food storage.) Look into buying another refrigerator. Claim the freezer as your own and buy stock in NASA Foods, Inc. Move out.

You're an adult now. And handling this situation as reasonably as possible will help you appreciate that grocery cart of yours even more.

## Eavesdroppings

**Overheard in hallway of JKHB Oct. 28, 5:10 p.m.**

Female student: *I'm so disorganized. I've never been this disorganized in my life.*

Second female: *Well, you look cute.*

**BYU off-campus apartment Oct. 12, 2:30 p.m.**

Roommate (to girlfriend): *Macaroni and cheese has to be the best thing ever invented.*

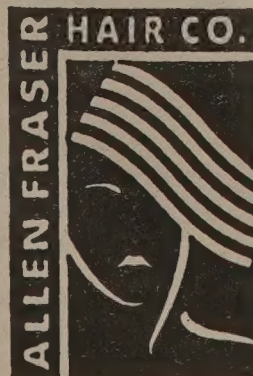
**Denny's in Provo, Nov 4, 10:07 p.m.**

First girl: *My grilled cheese is getting cold.*

Second girl: *Sit on it.*

First girl: *Then I'd get grease on my pants.*

Second girl: *But, then you wouldn't have a cold grilled cheese.*



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## Where Bikers Go When They Die

by David Adams

I should be shot. I've been mountain biking since 1983, I've been going to BYU for more than two years, and I had never biked the slickrock trail in Moab. I'm not from around here, nobody took me, and I never had the motivation to make it down there myself—since I didn't know what I was missing. Finally, last weekend, I packed bikes and pals into the Toyota, and down we went. Oh, what I was missing!

If you've never been there, imagine miles and miles of sandstone "petrified dunes." Imagine pedaling up what seem to be 90° slopes and going down similar hills on the other side. On the way up you're defying gravity; on the way down, it seems like your teeth are about an inch from the rock, which is flying by at 30 miles per hour. This effect was especially vivid for me: that day I had accidentally left my helmet at home. Not about to let a minor life-threatening detail like that deter me, I made an offering to the bike gods and went on with it. *Everyone* had helmets. Even the guy we found riding a skateboard had one. (Actually, he needed one most of all—he seemed to be riding most of the trail on his elbows. But I salute his inventiveness.)

I don't think I saw one bike out there that cost less than a thousand dollars (except my own, of course). Between the bikes and the "biking attire," Moab is the ultimate cycling fashion show. When we first saw the parking lot, our gut reaction was to turn around right then. There were so many people that I thought we were at a Disney mountain bike theme park. That's what we get for coming on the last nice weekend of the year. However, after the first mile of trail, the fluorescent spandex-festooned yuppies thinned out considerably. Lisa, my friend from Colorado, likened it to Texans on the bunny slopes. But being from the East, that one went right over my head.

My friend, Curtis, and I pedaled along for a while with a middle-aged man carrying a map until we found an alternate trail that took us a little off the beaten path. For a full forty minutes we saw not one soul. For a while, I reveled in the solitude and the communion with nature. A little while later I was wondering what would happen if I went over the handle bars and busted my head clean in two. Would Curtis

be able to carry me the eight miles to civilization? Would he just leave me there, lying in the cryptogramic soil? Would my bike be abandoned out there in the desert? At that point, I slowed down a little.

On the way home, I hit my wall about a

mile from the parking lot. I'd been on an adrenaline high for the past few miles, but it ran plumb dry. I was hungry as a beast and had just finished all my water. I don't remember much of that last mile—I had tunnel vision. When I got back to the truck I

collapsed on the tailgate and ate sesame seeds by the handful. My legs were shaking and my hands were cramped into a permanent C.

But my heart wanted to return. See you there next weekend!

## The Question of Your Absence

After another insomniac weekend with you hundreds of miles away—my inexplicable and delicate other sense pulled taut along that distance—sleepless because

my bed has no pulse, no body heat, no hands to reach across and touch my face so softly they will kill me while I try to keep sane my sensitivity to your touch, because it has no arms of seamless silk that are frameless and eternal, long enough to reach back over the miles and caress me into solitary black sleep, one to lie under my head, lifting it so I can see your eyes when the half-tones of the moonful night give me permission, one to weigh on my shoulder crushing me into doubtless immobility with hopes of coffee in the mornings on a porch we have both replaced the foundation stones of,

because there is no wholly sculptural waist whose enrapturing beauty matches only the shoulders that are also not here, that would yield devotedly under the almost felt shudders of my moist lips, which are here parted, unaccompanied, no shoulders which I am better not to discuss, no waist to chill my skin by its intense curvature, the merciless manifestation that a cruel god does exist somewhere, no

waist to support my two sinuous hands that would span from hip to waist like seas in a frustrating lightness of touch, there are no legs to get caught up in mine, no thigh to press between my thighs, no calves to dress the backs of my hips when passion pushes sleep aside, no ankles to rest on the square of my shoulders as I plumb your depths trying to lose myself inside you, your myriad form of infinite unbroken lines, promising mysteries,

stretched tightly beneath me, full of more searching than time.

There is no you to build dreams around so there is no sleep for building dreams, no kindest eyes, no arms around my chest, none of your clothes upon my floor, there is no night, no sleep, no moon, no dreams, no rest, no peace, and no morning.

There are no eyes in a muse's face of cream that pull into promising affection, that draw tears from my own and afterwards let me sleep...

...and you ask if I thought of you this weekend.

Scott H. Swaner

## Iron Mary

She was working  
All night  
For the sake  
Of her dreams—  
A dusty evening  
In a car  
A church  
In the night;  
Vows she never heard.

And now she goes  
Up stairs all alone  
Past doors shut tight  
Into a closet of dresses  
Heading towards life.

She can't touch it,  
Can't recall—  
But images snatch at her  
Drag her  
Beg her  
To look forward,  
Press down, and  
Smooth it all out.

Hot water is everywhere.  
Will you take the iron, Mary?

Jenn Burrill

## That Baking Bread Smell

by Emily Carlson

Leaves have fallen to the ground and the harvest is in. Now the products of those endless fields of gold sit ground up in bags, just waiting to mate with yeast and be transformed into a supple loaf. The true bread baking season has arrived.

Now that I must spend my days inside, huddled near my rusted heater, I find myself restless, longing to get back to the simple life—a life where the calculus of things doesn't matter, a life where I don't have to jump through hoops for my teachers, for guys, for anyone. Maybe I just want my mommy. But since she is hours away, I roll up my sleeves and break out the bread pans.

From beginning to end, the baking of bread is a journey of life. I add the warm water lovingly to the yeast with just a drop of honey to nurture it. It comes to life, feeding on the honey in its new, warm home, growing strong for the work it is about to commence.

When the yeast is ready to take on new responsibilities, I add the wheat slowly at first so the two can get to know each other. They meet and begin to mingle as I add more and more flour until the two lovers are ready to be turned out onto the counter where I will knead them.

This is the part I have been waiting for. My tense muscles, my strained brain, climax in anxiety just before I sink my hands into the dough. In a moment all thoughts of school, of my petty life, are gone, replaced by the awe I feel as a creator of nutrition, a creator of that which can help others grow and become strong. My frustrations race to my fingers and are squelched inside the dough.

As I push and pull and shape, my mind wanders to the women of the past with their powerful forearms, strong from making their bread. I think how they patiently waited as the prideful dough inflated, and how they gently punched the dough back down, putting it in its rightful place. I can almost smell the clean, simple air of children milling around, asking unanswerable questions about bread, about life, as their beautiful mothers shaped loaves for them.

The waiting and kneading is over, and I begin to shape my own loaves. My first attempt, as always, is a disaster. Instead of a smooth, fat cigar of bread, I have in my hands a twisted, sagging mess. I try again, somehow with the patience I lack in my schoolwork, and I successfully produce a loaf worthy of at least some kind of Relief Society award. In it goes to the oven, to fill my apartment with that all-too-rare baking bread smell and to come out covered with a golden crispy crust onto my table.

The steaming loaf sits on the counter, still too tender for the knife, but I can't wait any longer. This bread has given me the channel to relieve my stress, to get back to simple things. I bite into my loaf and give thanks in this season for whole wheat flour and for two hands to shape it into delicious life.

### BREAD

3 cups warm water  
1-1/2 Tbsp. dry yeast  
1/4 cup honey  
3 Tbsp. melted butter  
2 cups wheat flour  
2 cups white flour  
1 Tbsp. salt  
2 more cups wheat  
2 more cups white

Cover yeast with warm water and add a drop of honey. Let stand 5 minutes. Beat in rest of honey and butter, then let rest five more minutes. Beat in first 2 cups wheat and 2 cups white, and let stand for 1/2 hour. Add remaining flour with wooden spoon until mixture is thick and ready to knead. Place dough on floured counter and knead until smooth and elastic. The dough should feel like an earlobe.

Let dough rise until double in bulk. Punch down and knead 5 more minutes. Shape into 2 loaves and let rise again until double in bulk. Bake at 350°F for 30 minutes.

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# Noise

## More Than a Touch of Heaven

by Brent Wescott and Matthew Polder



### Cocteau Twins

L-R Robin Guthrie, Elizabeth Fraser, Simon Raymonde

One day you're sitting in the back seat of your friend's red Chevy Chevette cruising to some girl's house. He's talking to your other friend about some new band he calls the "Cocktoo Twins" or something like that. Then the song comes on the radio; it's called "Carolyn's Fingers," though you're not sure why. The song is unlike anything you've heard before. A guitar rings out clear, beckoning you to listen closely. Bass and drum provide a moving yet subtle rhythm. Then the voice of a woman sings something you can't understand, yet is enchanting to your soul. Surely this is inspiration.

The band is actually called the Cocteau Twins (pronounced Kawk-toe), and the song was off their first major label release *Blue Bell Knoll*. They have been around for quite a while.

**"Surely this band is the voice of God."**

Steve Sutherland  
Melody Maker

shirt and say, "They are so cool. Did you see them in concert?" I wish. I only wish.

In the late 70s Robin Guthrie was chosen and with Will Heggie bought his first drum machine. In 1979 the two of them met Elizabeth Fraser—who they'd seen getting up to dance in pubs. "We figured if she could dance so well she could probably sing, and when she did she blew us away," recalls Guthrie. They played some gigs and sent a demo tape to Ivo Watts-Russell, head of 4AD, along with one to John Peel of BBC radio, and the next thing they knew they were signed. "We've never really struggled, I'm afraid to say," admits Guthrie. "It really didn't occur to us there were an awful lot of others dying to make records. We were really too stupid to realize that. We just thought, well, obviously this music's good, so they're going to think so too."

Will Heggie left the band by the summer of 1983 and Fraser and Guthrie recorded by themselves until later that year when Simon Raymonde joined as the new bassist. They've been the same line-up ever since, except for *Victorialand* which was done by Guthrie and Fraser, and *The Moon and the Melodies*, which was released under the three members' individual names along with Harold Budd, a key figure in the development of ambient and electronic music and a contemporary of Brian Eno.

**"When you die, and then open your eyes, if there isn't something like this playing in the distance, you're probably on your way to the wrong place."**

Anonymous

It's amazing how many secret Cocteau Twins admirers there are out there. They're not the type of band you hear often on the radio, and most of their records used to be very hard to find. But every once in a while, someone will see my Cocteau Twins T-

**"Mediocrities like Peter Murphy and David J must wonder, as Salieri did of Mozart, why God chose Cocteau Twins and not them."**

David Stubbs  
Melody Maker

The name of the band is a mystery. "It's a long story," explains Guthrie. "There were these two gay blokes who were into [early 20th century French artist] Jean Cocteau and they were known as the Cocteau Twins...if there was one thing I could change it would be that name...when we picked it, it was just the name of the band, and people started reading all these things into it."

Such is the history of the band. They aren't

worried about where they came from or other inconsequential things. It's their music that matters. Even then they're a bit strange. "You see," says Guthrie, "the reason we keep on making records is because we think all the other ones suck. Give us two or three months and we'll hate this one [*Blue Bell Knoll*] too. If you do something you think is absolutely fantastic then it's all downhill from there. Still, for us music is just doing something."

If you have never heard a Cocteau Twins song it's a bit hard to describe. First there's the guitar, if it can be called that. Guthrie has taken the guitar and transformed it into something not of this earth. "I use a Paul Reed Smith guitar, which goes into—let me get the order right—a Boss exciter, a Boss chorus, a Yamaha D1500 delay, a harmonizer, a Boss phase shifter, a Boss hi-band flanger, a regular Boss flanger, a Boss vibrato, a volume pedal, a [Jim Dunlop] Cry Baby wah-wah, and another delay. Everything runs through a pair of Rivera amps. Then the whole system goes through noise gates, which I trigger from the sequencer that we use live. That way I can get weird tremolo effects and things like that."

Raymonde plays bass, much like any other band uses, yet it is a necessary part of the Twins' sound, at times providing a key sound in their symphony of chords.

But the trademark of Cocteau Twins is the angelic voice of Fraser. It is like singing heavenly praises, or a flute playing high above an orchestra. Sometimes a word will come across that you can recognize, like the title of the song, but it is mostly something that goes best without description.

Though their music is of the same style album to album, there is enough difference to make every album a memory. A favorite among fanatics is *Treasure*, one that has the most ambient cohesiveness, but one that the band seems to hate the most.

For the fan of old who might have been starved due to a long period of no new material, Cocteau Twins has a new album entitled *Four-Calendar Cafe*. Although with this album the band has switched from the celebrated 4AD label, to Fontana in England and Capitol in the U.S., it is typical of a Cocteau album. There are differences, however, such as more intelligible lyrics than before, as well as two additional guitarists who toured with them on the *Heaven Or Las Vegas* tour, but it's more than good enough to keep you elated for quite a while.

The first single from the album, "Evangeline," has the usual ethereal guitar for most of the song, and the end features an alluring combination of chords that turns into a marvelous spectacle. It's not one of their strongest cuts, but it should definitely serve as an enticement for the rest of the album. The single also has two very enjoyable B-sides.

The third track on the album "Bluebeard" has been hyperbolically called by *Billboard* their "most spell-binding composition thus far." It starts off with a country twang, but you forget about that the moment Fraser begins singing. One line she sings stands out and you're mesmerized: "Are you the right man for me?" In the fourth track, "Theft, and Wandering Around Lost," Fraser sings, "My body is my own...Is this what my body said?" You can make any political connections you want with the title and lyrics, but the ominous sound remains with you. Fraser's untrained voice (she plans on starting vocal lessons soon)

dominates the music and leaves you thinking you were in heaven.

The songs "My Truth" and "Essence" feature soft percussion and are reminiscent of the spirituality of *Victorialand*. Though the overall tone of the album seems to be passive, the ninth track, "Summerhead," has a powerful guitar and a danceable beat. The album ends with a very palatable track, "Pur," which starts out slow and then gains momentum, leaving you wishing it wasn't the last song.

Cocteau Twins is a feeling, an emotion, something that becomes part of you. From Fraser's haunting voice on This Mortal Coil's "Song To The Siren," to Guthrie's screaming guitar in "Rococo," they will leave you without words for what is brought into your soul.

**"In truth, describing the Cocteaus is like describing shapes in the clouds, or worse, describing the joys of ice cream toppings."**

David Stubbs  
Melody Maker

#### Cocteau Twins Discography

Garlands LP 1982  
Lullabies EP 1982  
Peppermint Pig EP 1983  
Head Over Heels LP 1983  
Sunburst And Snowblind EP 1983  
Pearly Dewdrop's Drops EP 1984  
Millimillenary Single (1)  
Treasure LP 1984  
Aikea-Guinea EP 1985  
Tiny Dynamine EP 1985  
Echoes In A Shallow Bay EP 1985  
The Pink Opaque Compilation 1986  
Victorialand LP 1986  
The Moon And The Melodies LP 1986  
Love's Easy Tears EP 1986  
The High Monkey-Monk Single 1987 (2)  
Crushed Single 1987 (3)  
Blue Bell Knoll LP 1988  
Heaven Or Las Vegas LP 1990  
Iceblink Luck CD-Single 1990  
Dials Single 1990 (4)  
Frosty The Snowman Single 1992 (5)  
Evangeline CD-Single 1993  
Four Calendar Cafe LP 1993

1. *New Music Express* Compilation
2. *Melody Maker Gigantic 2* Compilation
3. *Lonely Is An Eyesore* 4AD Compilation
4. "Heaven Or Las Vegas" promotional single
5. *Volume* Compilation

1 is also included on *The Pink Opaque*, while 2-4 are on a bonus CD included in the Cocteau Twins box set along with an instrumental version of "Oomingmak" taken from *Victorialand*.



## Sven Väth: Germany's Master of Trance

by Michael Ridd

Germany, the country that gave us the legendary Kraftwerk, has always been a fertile source of talented dance acts. The German underground has been instrumental in the development of Trance, the dance music genre that is more groove-oriented than the hardcore techno which briefly dominated the scene. German underground artists such as Cosmic Baby, Visions Of Shiva and Spicelab have been responsible for numerous Trance records which have won acclaim from fans of electronic dance music. DJ Sven Väth, one of the most respected members of the German dance scene, recently released *Accident in Paradise*, an album that is well worth seeking out on import.

While Sven Väth is a new name to Americans, he is a well-known figure in the German dance world. Along with members of the pop group Snap, he operates the Omen, a popular night club in his homebase of Frankfurt. He also runs the influential record label Harthouse, which promotes new German talent. Earlier this year, a track he recorded under the pseudonym Barbarella was licensed by British label Rising High. The song of the same title rose high on the British independent singles chart.

The album *Accident in Paradise* finds Väth, along with collaborator Ralph Hildenbeutel, taking Trance music to a new level. Unlike some of his Trance contemporaries, Väth creates music with real warmth and emotional content. Perhaps this arises from his unusual influences. While he is certainly sussed about current dance sounds, Väth also cites Peter Gabriel, David Sylvian, Mozart and 4AD's gloomy, neo-classical duo Dead Can Dance as sources of inspiration. *Accident in Paradise* is an intriguing fusion of Trance with ambient music and sound collected from exotic locations like Nepal and India by Väth himself. This mixture of sounds from different cultures reflects Väth's belief that Trance can be a unifying music.

The first single from *Accident in Paradise* is "Ritual Of Life," a moody didgeridoo-driven Trance epic enhanced with world beat percussion. Despite being thirteen minutes long, "Ritual Of Life" never loses momentum. The follow-up single, "L'Esperanca," is a blissful house track adorned with gorgeous strings. Väth showcases his ambient side on the beatless "Drifting Like Whales in the Darkness" and the pretty "Caravan of Emotions," which wouldn't sound out of place as part of a movie's musical score. Väth's affinity for classical music comes through on the brief "Sleeping Invention," which combines a harpsichord with techno electronics.

*Accident in Paradise* shows the maverick creativity of the current dance scene. Sven Väth's music works not just at filling dance floors but at stimulating the emotions and the imagination. Along with acts like Leftfield, Spooky and Sequential, Väth is forging the future of dance music. Hopefully, *Accident in Paradise* will be released in the U.S. soon, enabling Americans to more easily fall under Sven Väth's spell.

## Autumn Fest '93

Despite its unoriginal and vaguely unexciting name, this event promises to be fresh and well worth attending. Autumn Fest '93 is a benefit concert for the Food and Shelter Coalition featuring three talented local bands: Picture This, State of Euphoria, and Headshake.

Taking first place in last year's BYU Battle of the Bands and third place in their year's, Picture This describe themselves as "holisticalternativefolkfunk." With influences that run the range from Rush and Zeppelin to Indigo Girls and Dan Fogelberg, Picture This puts out straight ahead, amalgamated rock n' roll.

Although State of Euphoria contains former members of Stretch Armstrong, the comparisons end there. Far from ska, State of Euphoria is more of an alternative folk rooted firmly in the early 70s. With their female vocalist, the band has been called "the 10,000 Maniacs of the 70s." They don't sound much like the Maniacs though. Perhaps they sound like early Journey would if set in the context of today's alternative folk.

-As the most progressive of the three, Headshake is not one to miss. They simply and aptly describe themselves as "James Brown meets Anthrax with a little Boingo thrown in." If that alone is not enough to entice you to attend Autumn Fest '93, nothing else will.

With all proceeds going directly to the Food and Shelter Coalition, you can have a great time, support local musicians, and help out the hungry and homeless all at the same time. The show will be at Meridian School (930 East 300 North) on Thursday, November 18th at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$4.00 in advance and available at Sonic Garden, Graywhale in S.L., and Mama's, among other locations around town. If you wait until the day of the show, it's \$3.00 with a can of food or \$5.00 without.

## Flavor of the Week:

Marisa Monte - Mais

Marisa Monte is an established Brazilian singer who blends acoustic and jazzy tunes with her delicate vocals and traditional Brazilian melodies and beats. Produced by avant-garde artist, Arto Lindsay, this album is definitely worth the trouble of finding it in the States, even if it is sung entirely in Portuguese. You won't even notice it.

### Closet Favorites

(Music you secretly love but can't admit to anyone.)

"I have always thought Prince was just a little too pretentious (beginning with his name) to be taken seriously by anyone. All he sings about is sex, which is not something that takes a lot of imagination or talent. His music is also a bit funky for my tastes. In light of all that, I still keep his *Purple Rain* album in my collection. It's not really all that funky—just enough to keep me grooving. 'Let's Go Crazy' is still one of the all-time greatest party songs, and how can anyone who likes Sinead O'Connor singing Prince's 'Nothing Compares to U' not like his 'Purple Rain'?

P.S. I also must admit to liking the songs 'Sign O' the Times' for the cool lyrics and 'Raspberry Beret' for absolutely no reason at all."

— Phil Morris, from Aurora, CO, majoring in Reading

If you have a Closet Favorite, send it to: Dave Seiter, The Famous Noise Editor, P.O. Box 1971, Provo, Utah 84603-1971. Include what you like, why you can't admit it, your name, hometown, and major.

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## Towards Eco-Mormonism

by David Adams

Mormons, like all Americans, are divided over environmental issues. However, because of the ultra-conservative stance many members have recently embraced, the environmental cause has been seen with disdain, as an unrealistic restriction on free trade. Moreover, because of the traditional, agrarian background of many of the older residents of Mormonism's western cradle, "environmentalists" are distrusted by those unwilling to change a generations-old way of life and embrace practices that are kinder to the Earth. Nevertheless, as I intend to explore in this essay, LDS doctrine and teachings compel its members to be responsible to the Earth.

In *What Are People For?* Wendell Berry shares with us his insight on the relationship between religion and ecology. He explains that the two should be interconnected; that Christianity intrinsically encourages conservation. In fact, he states that churches "belong, properly and logically to our cause" (95). His reasoning is straightforward:

The ecological teaching of the Bible is simply inescapable: God made the world because He wanted it made. He thinks the world is good, and he loves it. It is His world; He has never relinquished to it. And He has never revoked the conditions bearing on His gift to take excellent care of it. If God loves the world, then how might any person of faith be excused for not loving it or justified in destroying it (98)?

Barry explains that churches do not, in fact support environmentalist causes for a simple reason: "Like any other public institution so organized, the organized church is dependent on 'the economy;' it cannot survive apart from those economic practices that its truth forbids and that its vocation is to correct" (96).

Even though "Thou shalt not despoil the Earth" is never stated so overtly in our scriptural record, that particular commandment falls under the scope of a more all-encompassing commandment, stewardship. This Earth is our stewardship, following an ancient covenant God made with Adam. "It is required of the Lord, at the hand of every steward, to render an account of his stewardship, both in time and in eternity. For he who is faithful and wise in time is accounted worthy to inherit the mansions of my Father" (D&C 72:3-4). If we want to inherit this Earth, we must care for it now and be wise stewards. But we have been anything but wise.

We are like the son who hoarded his whole inheritance and then "took his journey to a far country and there wasted his substance with riotous living" (Luke 15:13). As we know, shortly after, "when he had spent it all, there arose a mighty famine in the land; and he began to be in want" (Luke 15:14). If we use up and waste this planet, as we are presently doing at breakneck speed, we will also be stricken by famine, as the people of Africa are currently experiencing due to a failure to respect the land's carrying capacity. However, the eternal repercussions are even more harrowing. When we stand before our Creator to render an account of our stewardship, if we cannot stand guiltless before Him and testify that we cared for our Earth, then our spiritual progression will be in jeopardy.

We are responsible for this Earth because the Lord is allowing us to live on it, not because it is ours. As Brigham Young says,

"No person on the Earth can truly call anything his own and never will until he has passed all the ordeals we are all now passing, and has received his body again in a glorious resurrection, to be crowned by him who will be ordained and set apart to set a crown upon our heads. Then will be given to us that which we now only seem to own, and we will be forever one with the father and the son, and not until then" (305).

We do not own the Earth, nor parts of it. In fact, all we have is really only on loan. The prophet continues, stating: "the elements are to be brought into shape and operation for the benefit, happiness, beauty, excellency, glory, and exaltation of the children of men that dwell on the Earth" (305). In other words, whenever we make, manipulate or destroy anything we must do so with the glory of God and the well-being of his children in mind, or it is not justified in his sight.

The scriptures usually refer to the Earth by its relationship to God or to us, objectifying it. However, in rare instances it is personified, most notably in Doctrine and Covenants Section 88. "The Earth abideth the law of a celestial kingdom, for it filleth the measure of its creation, and transgresseth not the law—Wherefore, it shall be sanctified; yea, notwithstanding it shall die, it shall be righteous shall inherit it" (25,26). The Earth was born, was baptized, and will die—it will then be resurrected and become the celestial kingdom.

Presently, we are polluting, defoliating, draining, poisoning and hacking to pieces the future home of the righteous and meek. I have heard many times the Latter-day Saint excuse that Christ will be coming soon and during the Millennium the Earth will be renewed; in the Millennium, it must die before Christ comes. I imagine that will be part of the "desolation of abomination" that will take place in the last days (D&C 88:85). Perhaps the "sun and the moon shall be darkened" and "the Earth shall shake" in the death throes of our mother Earth (Joel 3:15-16).

Perhaps some would say that it doesn't matter that the Earth dies, since it will be glorified. Prophets, too, shall be glorified, but I would not want to face the Lord as one of their murderers. The real question is this: Will we stand, clothed in glory, our feet planted on the exalted Earth, or will we hang our heads in shame when our father asks us to make an accounting of our doings on this planet and the well-being of our stewardship?

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Berry, Wendell. *What Are People For?* San Francisco: North Point Press. 1990.

### Editor's Choice: Eco-Conscious Scriptures

"Yea, all things which come of the earth, in the season thereof, are made for the benefit and use of man, both to please the eye and to gladden the hearth...And it pleaseth God that he hath given all these things unto man; for unto this end were they made to be used, with judgement, not to excess, neither by extortion" (D&C 59: 18, 20).

"...Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees..." (Revelation 7:3).

## Do Unto Others

by Yvette Young

"And the earth, after it was formed was empty and desolate, because they had not formed anything but the earth; and darkness reigned upon the face of the deep, and the Spirit of the Gods was brooding upon the face of the waters. And the Gods organized the earth to bring forth grass from its own seed, yielding seed after his kind; and the earth to bring forth the tree from its own seed, yielding fruit..." (Abraham 4: 2,12).

The great tragedies of the Greeks, while catastrophic, were the sad result of the errors of good men and women. The great tragedy of the 1990s has been building for several decades. It is the mismanagement of the environment. Good, well-intentioned men and women settled the American wild and proceeded to "tame" it. The "Puritans saw the wilderness as the dark abode of witches and Indians, literally the Devil's territory, which they must subdue, even through slash and burn and kill, in order to expand their little plantations of light" (England 1).

In history and mythology the earth is most often depicted as female and specifically as mother. Respect for the earth was incorporated into religious ritual and was associated with respect for the Great Mother. During this period natural resources viewed as gifts and were conservatively used to meet both physical and spiritual needs. As history proceeded the conqueror mentality replaced this idea of spiritual connection with the earth. Men sought to tame the wild earth and competed for her resources. Competition became fundamental to individual success, and success in early America was closely related to salvation.

The Protestant ethic holds that "an individual is responsible for his or her own salvation through good actions" (Merchant 63). This religious ideal complements the economic philosophy that hard work and intelligent investments will be rewarded with the land's resources. This competitive, egocentric ethic results in the systematic rape of the land. It also resulted in the disdain for earth spirituality. Many women who used the earth's resources in a less exploitive manner were vilified and burned as witches. Individualism had become the new civil religion and it was directly opposed to the interactive, cooperative ethic.

Modern society remains stuck in a state of ecological solipsism. Each capitalist sees the earth as an object for exploitation, but this pattern cannot go on. Today we are facing the consequences of our mistreatment of the earth. We are finding that resources are exhaustible, that species are disappearing, and that the land is not so resilient as it once was. The toxins we have fed to the earth are coming back to prey. Water pollution and radiation leave hundreds of Americans stricken with cancer, leukemia and worse. Air pollution makes it dangerous for school children to go outside. The land is sick from our mishandling and neglect and now we are contracting its disease, a disease which is not only physical but spiritual. In Revelation John discusses the damaged earth in the context the turmoil before the second coming of the Lord. Others see the spirit of the earth, which is fueled by the spirit of its creator, as dying, killed by our spirituality.

Eco-philosopher Aldo Leopold believes that we can still prevent future degradation by espousing an eco-centric ethic. This ethic sees the whole environment as integrated, and emphasizes the intrinsic values or not only the human species, but also rocks, trees, and animals. Leopold views this philosophy as an extended golden rule. He says that when the golden rule philosophy is expanded beyond the mere homocentric ethic "to soils, waters, plants, and animals, or collectively, the land... it changes the role of homosapiens from conqueror of the land-community to plain member and citizen of it. It implies respect for his [or her] fellow members and also respect for the community itself" (Merchant 75). It implies respect for all creations and most importantly, a respect for the Creator.

### Works Cited

England, Eugene. "Wilderness as Destruction in Thayer's *Mr. Wahlquist in Yellowstone*." *Readings in Mormon Literature*. Provo: BYU Print Services, 1993.  
Merchant, Carolyn. *Radical Ecology*. New York: Routledge, Chapman & Hall, Inc., 1992.



# Calendar

If you would like something in the calendar please call Jennifer at 375-0585. The deadline for submitting calendar items is the Friday before the Wednesday you would like it to appear.

## THEATRE, DANCE & FILM

**International Cinema**, Nov 17-20: Hearts of Darkness (Eng), Farewell (Rus), Ju-Dou (Mand); Nov 23-24, 26-27: Pictures of the Old World (Czech), Imperativ (Ger); 250 SWKT, call 378-5751 for showtimes.

**Varsity Theatres**, Nov 17-18: In the Line of Fire; Nov 19-30 (except Nov 25): The Firm; Nov 19-22: Sneakers; call 378-3311 for showtimes.

**Human Experience Film Series**, Nov 18, 12 noon, ELWC Step-down lounge, film is "Lakota: One Nation on the Plains," FREE. **Making Consent**, till Nov 18, 2:10 & 7 pm, Tower Theatre, 876 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234, students with ID are \$3.50.

**Gift**, till Nov 18, 12:20 & 10:10 pm (12:00 F/S), Tower Theatre, 876 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234, students with ID are \$3.50.

**Prisoner**, Nov 18-Dec 4, 7:30 pm, Margetts Theatre, BYU HFAC, tickets at HFAC Theatre Box Office or call 378-3875.

**Ariel**, Nov 19, 8 pm, Sundance Institute Screening Room, if this is the film I think it is, it's Finnish (a rarity), call 328-3456.

**Monty Python & The Holy Grail**, Nov 19, late night at the Varsity, BYU campus, call 378-3311.

**Dames at Sea**, Nov 19, 7:30 pm (& 2 pm Sat), City Rep Theatre, 638 S State St, SLC, 532-6000, \$8.50.

**Utah Opera's 5th Young Artists Program**, Nov 19-20, 7 pm, Larimer Center Theatre at Rowland Hall-St. Marks Upper School, 843 S Lincoln (940 E), presenting Gaetano Donizetti's "Maria Stuarda" with the Utah Symphony.

**Wicked City**, Nov 19-25, 1:45, 5:15, 9:15 & F/S 11:15 pm (also Nov 26-Dec 2, 1:45 & 9:15 pm), Tower Theatre, 876 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234, students with ID are \$3.50.

**On Sunday**, Nov 19-Dec 2, 12:00, 3:30 & 7:10 pm, Tower Theatre, 876 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234, students with ID are \$3.50. **The Lion in Winter**, till Nov 20, 7:30 pm, UVSC Theatre, 800 W 1200 S, Orem, \$5 (\$4 matinee Nov 15 at 4 pm), the story of a family who will stop at nothing to win the game of life, call 222-8000 for more info.

**The Hasty Heart**, till Nov 20, 8 pm MTHFS, Hale Center Theater Orem, 225 W 400 N, \$4, \$5, & \$6, call 226-8600.

**Five on a Honeymoon**, till Nov 20, Hale Center Theater, 2801 S Main St., SLC, reservations required, call 484-9257 for more info.

**A Woman Under the Influence**, Nov 20, 8 pm, Sundance Institute Screening Room, call 328-3456.

**Child of Bethlehem**, Nov 20-Dec 30, City Rep Theatre, 638 S State St, SLC, 532-6000.

**G.G. Allen**, Nov 26-Dec 2, 5:15 & 11:30 pm, Tower Theatre, 876 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234, students with ID are \$3.50.

**A Christmas Carol**, Nov 26-Dec 23, Hale Center Theatre Orem, 225 W 400 N, \$4, \$5, & \$6, call 226-8600 (also playing at Hale Center Theatre in SLC).

**Alice in Wonderland**, till Nov 27, 7:30 pm, Pardoe Theatre, BYU HFAC, tickets at HFAC Theatre Box Office or call 378-3875.

**A Child's Christmas in Wales**, Dec 2-18, 8 pm, TheatreWorks West at the Jewett Center (Westminster College), 1250 E 1700 S, SLC, 583-6520.

**1993-4 Pardoe Theatre Series**, call 378-3875 for info and tickets, shows are 11-27 Nov: Alice in Wonderland; 18 Nov-4 Dec: Prisoner; 10-26 Feb: Merry Wives of Windsor; 24 Mar-Apr 1: Of Mice & Men; 26 May-June 4: Scapin; 21 July-Aug 6: Philadelphia, Here I Come.

## THEATRE GUIDE

**Babcock Theatre**, 300 S University, SLC, 581-6961.

**Capitol Theatre**, 419 E 100 S, SLC, 355-2200.

**City Rep**, 638 S State St, SLC, 532-6000.

**Egyptian Theatre**, Main Street, Park City, 649-9371.

**Hale Center Theatre**, 2801 S Main, SLC, 484-9257.

**Hale Center Theatre Orem**, 225 W 400 N, Orem, 226-8600.

**Keep Theatre**, 105 E 100 N, Provo, 373-1270.

**Pioneer Theatre Company**, 1340 E 300 S, SLC, 581-6961.

**Promised Valley Playhouse**, 132 S State St, SLC, 364-5696.

**Provo Town Square Theatre**, 100 N 100 W, Provo, 375-7300.

**Salt Lake Acting Company**, 500 N 168 W, SLC, 363-0525.

## CINEMA GUIDE

**Academy Theatre**, 56 N University Ave, 373-4470.

**Avalon Theatre**, 3605 S State, Murray, 226-0258.

**Carillon Square Theatres**, Orem, 224-5112.

**Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas**, 224-6622.

**International Cinema**, 250 SKWT, BYU, 378-5751.

**Scera Theatre**, 745 S State, Orem, 235-2560.

**Tower Theatre**, 875 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234.

**Varsity Theatres**, ELWC & JSB, BYU, 378-3311.

**Villa Theatre**, 254 S Main, Springville, 489-3088.

## CONCERTS & LIVE MUSIC

**Mike Massé**, Nov 17, Mama's Cafe, rock, 373-1525.

**Front 242 with Ethel Meatplow & Stabbing Westward**, Nov 17, 7 pm, Fairpark Coliseum, \$13 in advance at Sonic Garden.

**SNFU with Phleg Camp & Bouncing Souls**, Nov 17, 8:30 pm, Bar & Grill, 60 E 800 S, SLC, \$7, 359-8305.

**Autumnfest Benefit for Food & Shelter Coalition**, Nov 18, 8 pm, Meridian School, 931 E 300 N, Provo, bands are Headshake,

State of Euphoria, & Picture This, tickets at Sonic Garden, Graywhale, Crandall, Mama's, Von Curtis Academy & Aztec Copy, \$4 advance, \$5 at the door, or \$3 at the door with a can of food.

**Peter, Paul, & Mary**, Nov 18, 8 pm, Abravanel Hall, tickets at ArtTix outlets or call 355-ARTS, \$17-26.

**Music Media Showcase**, Nov 18, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, FREE.

**Jefferson Starship with high-voltage laser light show**, Nov 18, 6 pm, Huntsman Center, proceeds benefit Utah Wildlife

Rehabilitation, tickets at Smith's Tix, 800-888-TIXX.

**Thrill Kill Kult & Machines of Loving Grace**, Nov 18, DV8, 115 S West Temple (SLC), 539-8400.

**Mama's Recording Sessions**, Nov 18-20, 8 pm-12 am: 1st day is Sarah Deford, Jesse Thurgood, Greg Smith, & Mike Haire; 2nd day is Johnny Rowan, Brenda Andrus, Sleepyhead, & Nectar; 3rd day is Spanky, Rodeo Ghost, & Swim Pigs (of Swim Herschel); tape to be released in early December; Mama's Cafe, 840 N 700 E (Provo), 373-1525 for more info.

**Tapestry Drive with The Point**, Nov 19, 9:30 pm, Godfather's Gallery, 333 E 1300 S (Orem), \$4, 226-2040.

**BYU Chamber Orchestra**, Nov 19, 7:30 pm, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, tickets at 378-4322.

**Utah Symphony Entertainment Series**, Nov 19 & 20, call 533-NOTE for info.

**Dixieland Band & Jazz Ensemble**, Nov 19 & 20, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, FREE.

**Utah Symphony Ecologically Sound**, Nov 20, call 533-NOTE for info.

**Cool Runnings**, Nov 20, Saltair, a night of Reggae, call Smith's Tix, 800-888-TIXX.

**Friends of Paul Simard Night**, Nov 20, 7 pm, SLC Community High School, 250 W 200 N, Doug Wintch performing music & Kim Peek (*Rainman* inspiration) answering questions, to raise funds for bone marrow transplant for Paul's 18-month-old daughter. **Obar/Shetzel**, Nov 23, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.

**BYU Symphony Orchestra**, Nov 23, 7:30 pm, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, tickets at 378-4322.

**Douglas Bush**, Nov 23, 7:30 pm, Provo Central Stake Center, faculty series performance, FREE.

**Songwriter Showcase**, Nov 23, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, FREE.

**Utah Symphony Salute to Youth**, Nov 23, call 533-NOTE for info.

**Buzzco, Doughboys, & Fudge**, Nov 23, DV8, 115 S West Temple (SLC), 539-8400.

**Jesse Thurgood**, Nov 24, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.

**Utah Symphony Emerald Series**, Nov 26 & 27, call 533-NOTE for info.

**Utah Symphony Messiah Sing-In**, Nov 28 & 29, call 533-NOTE for info.

**Mr. Jack Daniels Original Silver String Cornet Band**, Nov 30, 7:30 pm, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, presenting "Home-town Christmas," tickets at 378-4322.

**Student String Chamber**, Nov 30, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, FREE.

**Mannheim Steamroller**, Dec 1-5, 8 pm, Capitol Theatre, tickets at ArtTix outlets or call 355-ARTS.

## CLUB GUIDE (shows change nightly)

**Bar & Grill**, rock & alternative, 60 E 800 S (SLC), 533-0340.

**Bourbon Street Bar & Grill**, comedy, R & B, 241 S 500 E (SLC), 359-5905.

**Cinema Bar at Spanky's**, rock & alternative, 45 W Broadway (SLC), 359-1200.

**D.B. Cooper's**, jazz & acoustic, 19 E 200 S (SLC), 532-2948.

**Dead Goat Saloon**, rock & alternative, 165 S West Temple (SLC), 328-GOAT.

**DV8**, modern music & live bands, 115 S West Temple (SLC), 539-8400.

**Gepetto's (Univ)**, jazz & acoustic, 230 S 1300 E (SLC), 583-1013.

**Godfather's Pizza**, local bands, 333 E 1300 S (Orem), 226-2040.

**Green Parrot**, rock & alternative, 155 W 200 S (SLC), 363-3201.

**Green Street**, rock & Sat. jazz, 610 Trolley Square (SLC), 532-4200.

**Johnny B's Comedy Club**, 300 S 117 W (Provo), 377-6910.

**Mama's Cafe**, local everything, 840 N 700 E (Provo), 373-1525.

**Pie Pizzaria**, jazz & acoustic, 1320 E 200 S (SLC), 582-0193.

**Pier 54**, jazz, blues, & other, 117 N University Ave (Provo), 377-5454.

**Tropicana Club**, live Latin American music, 1130 E 2100 S (SLC), 486-9559.

**The Edge**, new dance club opening Dec 1st, 143 W Center St (Provo), 375-0011.

**Zephyr Club**, rock & alternative, 301 S West Temple (SLC), 355-CLUB.

## EVENTS, ETC.

**Stan Benfell on New Historicism**, Nov 17, 4 pm, 2072 JKHB, guest lecturer from the Comp. Lit. Dept.

**Art Discussing Life**, till Nov 17, M-TH 10-5 pm (extended hrs. W/ TH to 8 pm), Gallery 303, HFAC, two wide-ranging exhibits of contemporary painting, multimedia works, and sculpture, FREE.

**Paul Baltes**, Nov 18, 7:30 pm, 2104 JKHB, a night of laughs by the only BYU faculty member that's had Johnny B's roaring, FREE.

**An Evening with Robert Fulghum**, Nov 18, 8 pm, Kingsbury Hall, U of U campus, benefit for Bennion Community Service Center, \$20 general, \$5 for U of U students (only), 581-4811.

**Panel discussion with 5 of the September six**, Nov. 20, 7:30 pm, Seven Peaks Hotel

**cont. on next page**

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SAT 10-12



# Calendar

## cont. from previous page

**International Festival**, Nov 19, 7-11 pm, Shaw and Jewett Center of Westminster College, no entrance fee but modest food costs, proceeds go to Youth Force (gang prevention organization), 484-7651.

**"Make Me Laugh" Game Show**, Nov 19, 7-9 pm, ELWC, comedy show and dances, \$3 in advance at Varsity ticket office or \$4 at the door.

**Etienne Delessert Children's Book Illustrations Display**, till Nov 19, M-F 9-5 pm, Brimhall Design Gallery, two-part exhibit of realism & fantasy, 2nd exhibit by same artist Nov 22-Dec 9.

**BYU vs. U of U**, Nov 20, 12 pm, Cougar Stadium.

**Andy Warhol Exhibit**, till Nov 22, Nordstrom's at Crossroads Plaza, 322-4200.

**Thanksgiving**, Nov 25, as usual; eat lots of homemade goodies for me, my home is far, far away.

**K & S are getting married**, Nov 26, sometime in the morning, in Portland, Oregon, and I hope they cut this out and keep it forever—Love, Jenn.

**BYUSA Tree Fest**, Nov 29-Dec 2, ELWC, trees decorated by clubs, displayed, then donated to Utah families, call 378-3901 for more info.

**Utah Prehistory Week Poster Contest**, till Dec 1 (deadline),

entries accepted from anyone, cash prizes, call Kevin Jones at the Division of State History, 533-3524 or Carolyn Firestone, 561-0189 for details on criteria.

**Mayor's Artists Awards**, till Dec 3 (deadline), Utah Arts Festival is soliciting nominations for Mayor's Artists Awards in visual art, performing art and literary art, call 322-2428 for info.

**Alex Caldiero**, Dec 3, 7:30 pm, Cafe Haven, poetry, 1605 S State, Orem, 221-9910.

**Snowbird's Winterfest**, Dec 3-5, Snowbird Ski Resort, will celebrate food, wine, & skiing with banquets, receptions, seminars & skiing, call 521-6040 ext. 4080 for registration and info.

**Jingle Bell Run for Arthritis**, Dec 4, Sugarhouse Park, 2nd annual 5K run is looking for participants, 486-4993.

**U of U Museum of Fine Arts**, till Dec 12, 101 Art & Architecture Bldg, photographs by Helen Levitt and Visual Vocabulary: The Elements of Art (educational exhibit exploring line, color, shape, form, texture, light, and shadow) till Jan 2; call 581-7332 or 581-1014.

**Light & Art & the Scriptures**, till Dec 16, 7-10 pm, first floor of Maeser Bldg., featuring faculty artist Peter Myer.

**South by Southwest Music and Media Conference**, Feb 16-20, Austin, Texas, write to SXSW Headquarters, PO Box 4999,

Austin, Texas 78765 or call (512) 467-7979 (FAX 512-451-0754).

## USEFUL TELEPHONE NUMBERS

**AIDS Hotline**, 800-AIDS-411.

**AIDS Testing**, 534-4666.

**Air Quality Hotline**, 373-9560.

**Alcoholics Anonymous**, 375-8620.

**American Cancer Society Gifts Program**, 800-ACS-2345.

**Amnesty International**, for info call, 250-5190.

**Ask-A-Nurse**, 377-8488.

**Best Friends Animal Sanctuary**, 644-2001.

**Big Springs Riding Stable**, 225-8589.

**Boating Info for State Park waters**, 538-7221.

**BYU INFO**, 378-INFO.

**Camping at Utah State Parks**, 322-3770 or 800-322-3700.

**Cancer Information Service**, 800-4-CANCER.

**Center for Women and Children in Crisis**, 374-9351.

**Concert Hotline**, 536-1234.

**Current Sky Info**, 532-STAR.

**Dial-A-Story**, 379-6675.

**Geneva Steel Plant Tours**, 227-9240.

**Governor**, 538-1000.

**Help Stop Poaching Hotline**, 800-662-3337.

**LDS Social Services**, 378-7620.

**Massages**, full body/full hour, \$16, call 359-2528.

**PACT**, Peer Approach Counseling by Teens, 355-2804.

**Peace Corps Recruiting Office**, 581-5100.

**People Who Care**, family and friends of homosexuals, 373-5980.

**Pet Placement**, 467-3735.

**Rape Crisis**, for info & to volunteer call, 467-RAPE.

**Red Butte Arboretum Hotline**, 581-4747.

**Reserve a Park Pavillion**, 379-6600.

**Sierra Club Hotline**, latest national environmental news, 202-547-5550.

**Smith's Tix**, 800-888-TIXX.

**Sonic Garden**, concerts & new releases, 37-SONIC.

**Student Review Office**, 377-2980.

**Time and Temperature**, 373-9120.

**Uinta National Forest**, 377-5780.

**United Way**, volunteer opportunities, 374-6400.

**UTA**, 375-4636.

**Utah Birdline**, 538-4730.

**Utah Bureau of Air Quality**, 536-4000.

**Utah Caring Program for Children**, 481-6615.

**Utah Tenants United**, 359-2444.

**Utah Tourism and Recreation**, 538-1030.

**Utahns Against Hunger**, 328-2561.

**Utility Assistance Program**, Red Cross volunteers, 467-7339.

**Wasatch Clean Air Coalition**, 582-1228 or 583-8654.

**White House**, 202-456-1414.

**Wildflower Hotline**, 581-4747.

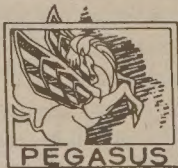
**Women's Self Defense Classes**, Bihonte Association of Martial Arts, 263-4007.

**YWCA Programs**, 355-2804.

## EDITOR'S PICK

You can't imagine how difficult it is to pick ONE event to recommend to an audience you barely know. Do you want music? theatre? film? lectures? corn harvesting? I'm having an editor's pick burn-out. But I'll tell you what I'd do (if I had even one spare moment of time/energy and was *at least* three different persons): on the 18th I'd start my day with the Human Experience Film Series about the Lakota, then at 8 pm I'd go to the Autumnfest *and* to hear Paul Baltes *and* to Mama's Recording Sessions; on the 19th, I'd be at Mama's again (esp. for Nectar), but also at Godfather's to catch Tapestry Drive, and (if I was really creative), I'd be at the International Festival, too; on the 20th, I'd go hear the Dixieland Band & Jazz Ensemble—and then I'd go to Mama's again. And on the 23rd, I'd be at the Songwriter's Showcase. Anyway, I think you see what I mean.

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